

# PAGE FOR WOMEN ABOUT FASHIONS AN HOME

## Bewildering Southern Toilets.

Advanced Styles for the Summer—Innovations in Milady's Underwear.



(Special Correspondence of The Times-Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, March 5.—I am just back from a southern trip where I saw such a bewildering array of exquisite styles that it is difficult to choose which ones to tell you about in my allotted space. I will, however, confine myself to those that seem destined to take a prominent place in milady's summer wardrobe.

Pretty quaintness distinguishes many of the gowns, and picturesque old-time effects and ball-like airiness suggest the old portraits after which many of these gowns are designed. Hats match the gowns in color scheme, and parasols for dressy wear are rainbow-like, and many of them tiny ones not over eighteen inches in diameter.

Ducks and piques are much used for morning wear, and are frequently trimmed with insets of heavy lace. Plaids, skirts and short coats are extremely popular, while for the daytime blue and pink chambray the shirt-waist body is much liked, and is usually accompanied by a Panama or straw sailor adorned with a coquettish bow of ribbon, and slightly raised on the left side by a dainty button of flowers nestling under the brim.

The eon jacket suit depicted on the left in my illustration exemplifies the popular box-plaited skirt. When carefully cut, so that the plaits are very narrow at the top, and gradually broaden from top to bottom the skirt is one of the most graceful models. Made of an ex-

## LARGE THOUGHTS IN SMALL PACKAGES

Example is the best argument. All things are easy to the earnest. A sunny temper glides the edges of life's blackest cloud.

The lucky man is the one who grasps his opportunity.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill. That maketh wretch or happy.

A man who dares to waste an hour of time has not learned the value of life.—Charles Darwin.

The brave man wants no charms to encourage him to duty, and the good man scorns all warnings that would deter him from doing it.

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked up in strangers' gardens.

The dignity of truth is lost by too much protesting.—Johnson.

Let me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are.—Spanish Proverb.

A good intention clothes itself with sudden power.—Bacon.

What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult for others?—George Eliot.

## JAPAN.

Clouded and rocked in Eastern seas, The hands of Japanese are seen, Beneath me lie, or lake and plain, The stork, the heron, and the crane, Through the clear air of azure drift, And on the hillside I can see The villages of Imari, Whose thronged and flaming workshops lift

The twisted columns of smoke on high, Cloud-clusters that in ruins lie, With sunshine streaming through each rift, And broken arches of blue sky.

All the bright flowers that fill the land, Ripple of waves on rock or sand, The snow on Fuji's conical red, The midnight heaven so thickly sown With constellations of bright stars, The leaves that rustle, the reeds that make

A whisper by each stream and lake, The saffron down the channel red, The gold and jewels in the misty air, Again the skyward slings again, The stork, the heron, and the crane, The clouds through the azure overhead, The counterforce and counterpoint Of Nature reproduced in Art.

—Longfellow.

## EGYPTIAN JEWELS.

Some of the most remarkable Egyptian jewels ever discovered has recently been unearthed. The date assigned is as remote as 500 B. C., but the workmanship of gold and jewels is marvellous. In excavating the tomb of King Zer it was found that the tomb had been entered for centuries, and that the plunderers had broken off the arm of the mummy queen and hidden it in a crevice in the wall—perhaps on being returned or alarmed—and had never returned to remove it.

On taking off the wrappings Professor Petrie found four magnificent bracelets of gold, with amethyst, turquoise and lapis-lazuli in varied and elegant adjustments. The gold work was peculiarly fine and delicate, and the stones were of the richest and deepest purple, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, are in the possession of Mr. Edward Ayrer, of Chichester, being from the tomb of Amenhotep III., of the Twelfth Dynasty.

## NEGLIGE NECKLACES.

Among the dainty and fascinating belongings of the modern woman is usually found one of the new negligé necklaces. So wonderfully attractive are they in all their variations that it would be impossible to imagine anything lovelier or more becoming.

Surely it has ceased to be a fashion to encircle one's neck in heavy massive ornaments. Regardless of the fact that in almost every case they are unbecomingly and look ugly. Still, if fashion should dictate the ardent follower of modes would encircle her throat with these ostentatious ornaments.

Chic negligé necklaces are so fairylike and dainty in their construction that ad-

quiescent shade of earth brown, peau de crepe, and worn with a boat-shaped and rose-trimmed, cerise chip hat, it makes an excellent costume for spring and summer general wear.

For afternoon and driving, I saw many exquisite cloaks of lace, chiffon, peau de crepe and the like, and one that was particularly attractive was made of rich black velvet silk—"the kind grandmother wore." This silk has been effective, soft and silken, that only the handloom can give, and which made it possible in the olden days to hand silk garments down as heirlooms, and indeed, we cloak I saw at Palm Beach might have been an heirloom, so quaint and "old-timey" it was.

One of the latest of underwear the wardrobe of milady contains little that is not airy and beautiful, and bulkiness is a thing of the past. Instead of seven pieces of underwear only four are used.

First a soft, clinging wrinkleless union suit. Next the corset, which may be of silk, cotton or baliste, but on the selection of a correct shape, such as any of the C. B. A. la spirite models, depends much on the success of milady's under-dressing. Then comes a garment which is corset cover and petticoat in one, with ribbon run beading at neck and waist, and last a sheathlike long petticoat. Stockings are embroidered, open-worked, lace inserted in fact there is no limit except a purse limit to stocking extravagance.

MARIAN MARNE.

## A MARCH MENU.

Sometimes there comes a fancy from the mist of yesterday.

That holds the yeast perfume of the dough set out to raise,

And then we hear the patting of the floury mixing board,

And see the old-time oven with its load of goodness stored.

And when the door is opened, what a satisfying gust

Of pungent rich aroma floated from the breasting cups

The breakfast foods replace it—there are foods you needn't chew,

And foods that give the stomach not a single thing to do.

And foods with wondrous titles that have leaped to sudden fame—

The old-time bread was splendid, with the same old-fashioned name;

It held the breath of summer and the glow of the wheat

And breathed an invitation that would come and make you eat.

## Breakfast.

Chilled Grape Fruit.

Hashed Chicken, Scrambled Eggs.

Finger Rolls, Corn Cakes.

Coffee, Choccolate.

## Dinner.

Clam Soup.

Oysters on Half Shell, Sliced Lemon.

Tomatoes With Mayonnaise.

Spring Lamb, Green Peas.

Rice Croquette, Creamed Spinach.

Wine Jelly, Whipped Cream.

Coffee.

## Supper.

Waffles, Turn Overs.

Breaded Mackerel.

Cheese Straws, Pineapple Salad.

Coffee, Tea.

## PLAIN PHYLLIS.

When Phyllis stands before her glass,

And pouts her lips and smooths her hair,

She vows she is the plainest lass,

And neither tall, nor plump, nor fair.

But when, to please her, I agree

That she's the homeliest girl in town,

Her change of creed I quickly see.

She turns and rounds me with a frown

To feed her pride from hour to hour.

—M. E. Taft.

## BED-COVERINGS.

Ballgala, Italian silk blankets, are hard to classify.

They are possible to use them for bed-coverings, yet their warmth and lightness makes them desirable for blankets. They are often used on couches as slumber robes, and are very moderate in cost, said to be washable, and have much variety of color and pattern, from Roman stripes to dainty light-colored floral designs. Their finish is silky, but they are not all silk, and are said to be especially comfortable for sufferers from rheumatism.

A new and pretty bed-spread, specially made for a boy's room, is of olive-green

agra cloth, which resembles burlap, but is much more firm and durable. The pillow which lies on top of the bed is of blue and green English cretonne, applied to the plain cloth in an oblique place, but the plain cloth is cut in pleasing curves instead of straight. The joining of the two materials is covered by simple ornate, sturdy, loosely but effectively done in creases. The outer edge is finished by a broad hem, turned up on the right side of the crease and finished with the same ornate crease in creases, which appears elsewhere on the material. It is a lovely and useful piece, and whether an open knife, a pair of boots, or a piece of heavy furniture will be deposited on it, the mother of boys.

## SALADS.

### Egg and Cucumber Salad.

Cut one hard-boiled egg in thin slices. Cut as many thin slices from a chilled cucumber as there are slices of egg. Arrange in the form of a circle, alternating egg and cucumber, having slices overlap each other. Fill in center with water-cress. Serve with salad dressing.

### Tomato Jelly Dressing.

Season two cups of hot-steamed and strained tomato with salt, and add a teaspoonful of granulated gelatin soaked in eight teaspoonfuls of cold water. Chill thoroughly in a mould; turn out on lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise dressing.

### Cucumber Boats.

Cut six small cucumbers in halves lengthwise. Scoop out centers and leave halves boat-shaped. Chop cucumber removed from boats in small pieces and add onion, also finely chopped. Moisten with French dressing, fill boats with mixture, and arrange on lettuce leaves.

### French Dressing.

Two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Four tablespoonfuls of olive oil. One-half teaspoonful of salt. A few grains of paprika. Mix ingredients and stir, using a silver fork until well blended.

### Mayonnaise Dressing.

One teaspoonful of mustard. One and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt. One teaspoonful of powdered sugar. A few grains of cayenne pepper. Yolks of two eggs. Three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. One tablespoonful of vinegar. One and one-half cups of olive oil.

Mix dry ingredients, add the yolks of the eggs, stir until well mixed, pour in the oil gradually, drop by drop, until the mixture thickens, then with vinegar until that is used; then the lemon juice, and oil alternately. After the mixture is well thickened, the oil may be poured in steadily, the beating being vigorously all the while. Oil for the making of mayonnaise should be thoroughly chilled, and the eggs should be fresh and have been kept in an ice box or small wooden spoon may be used, as preferred.

## STORY OF "LITTLE DROPS OF WATER"

In 1845, Miss Fletcher, then a school teacher, wrote a "Letter to Sabbath School Children" for a Sunday school paper. At the close of the article she urged the children to look at the little things of life, putting it into the rhyme:

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the pleasant land.

Miss Fletcher was at that time studying the Ben Pittman system of shorthand. On her way to the publisher's, she turned to some original thoughts. Ten minutes were given for this exercise. Naturally Fletcher's thoughts turned to the little paper which she had written the night before and the copy of which she had in her pocket. Taking her pen she quickly wrote:

So the little moments,  
Humble as they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

So our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the paths of virtue  
Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Help to make earth happy  
Like the heaven above.

It was some weeks before the entire poem was published, but no sooner had it appeared than it was copied by paper throughout the country, and it was not long before it had made its way into many homes. Later the next to the last line of the last stanza was changed to "Make our earth an Eden," as it now stands in the poem.

## ARYAN LANGUAGES.

The Aryan languages are: The Sanskrit, whence Hindi, Persian, the Zend, the Greek, the Latin, whence Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese and Wallachian; the Celtic, whence Welsh, Irish and Gaelic; the Gothic, whence Icelandic, English, Scandinavian; and the Slavic, whence Russian and Austrian.

## SONNY GOSLING RHYME.

Billy Balloo is the boy for me,  
He's up in the morning before you can see.

He's busy all day, yet he's ready at night  
For a romp round the house or a good pillow fight.

He's generally hungry and ready to eat,  
That's why he's so fat.

## FRIENDSHIP.

A ruddy drop of manly blood  
The surging sea outweighs;

The lover roared states,  
I fancied he was fled.

And, after many a year,  
Glowed unexhausted kindness.

Like daily sunrise there,  
My careful heart was free again.

O friend, my bosom said,  
Through thee, alone, the sky is arched,

Through thee the rose is red;  
All things through thee take nobler form

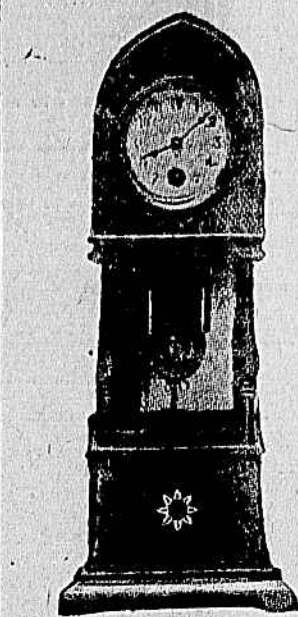
And look beyond the earth;  
The tall round of our fate appears

A sun-path in thy worth.  
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught

To master my despair;  
The fountains of my hidden life

Are through thy friendship fair.  
—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS



Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country seat,  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all—

"Forever—never!  
Forever—never!"

By day its voice is low and light,  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say at each chamber door—

"Forever—never!  
Forever—never!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeable time, unchanged it has stood.

And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe—  
"Forever—never!  
Forever—never!"

In that mansion used to be  
Pre-occupied hospitality,  
O, influence of Iowa and time!  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told—  
"Forever—never!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night,  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow.

And in the hush that followed the prayer  
Was heard the old clock on the stair—  
"Forever—never!  
Forever—never!"

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead;  
And when I look with thrills of pain,  
As in the days long since gone by—  
The ancient timepiece makes reply—  
"Forever—never!"

## CHOICEST RECIPES.

### Rich With the Flavor of Age, Use and Excellence.

#### Sweet Potato Pudding.

To two pounds of sweet potatoes, boiled and mashed very smoothly, add while hot one-half pound of butter, four eggs beaten very light with three-quarters of a pound of sugar, the grated rind of two lemons, and a glass of wine. Bake in a deep dish without paste, or, if preferred, put a border of paste around the edge of the dish. Sift powdered sugar over it and serve cold with some acid preserve—damson or currant jelly.

#### Crumpets.

To a quart of flour add a tablespoonful of lard, a teaspoonful of yeast, knead and put to rise overnight. Next morning add one egg well beaten and enough milk or lukewarm water to make a stiff batter. Set it in a warm place to rise, and drop on a hot griddle, so as to be round in shape. Bake very quickly; it is not necessary to turn them. A delicious bread.

#### Veal Croquettes.

Two teaspoons of cold veal chopped very fine; one cup of bread crumbs; one tablespoonful melted butter; season with pepper, salt and finely minced parsley. Beat one egg in a cup of warm milk, and moisten the mixture. When cold, mould in a small white glass, roll in cracker dust, and fry in boiling lard. Slice a sprig of parsley in the top of each croquette.

#### Salmon Salad.

One pound can of salmon; divide into small pieces, removing carefully bones and skin. Line a shallow bowl with fresh lettuce leaves, add the salmon. Squeeze over it the juice of a lemon. Add a dash of paprika; cover with mayonnaise, and keep on ice till ready to serve.

#### THE GRANDMA OF LONG AGO

(By Mary Lewis.)

O, for the grandma of long ago!

The dear old grandma we used to know.

When grandmas sought to transform a masquerader, at one time into court lady, trailing her breadths of brocade behind her; at another, into an Indian maiden with her beads, her feathers and her garly worked moccasins and leggings! Now misadventures, attics and grandmothers, in whose homes the attic prevailed, have gone their "long lane," and there are none behind to replace the one or the other.

Soft, broad laps had the grandmas of old.

And strong, loving arms with which to enfold

Sleepy-eyed babies, giving comfort untold

With tenderest thought.

The grandma to-day is quite too new.

Her form, her teeth and complexion, too.

And the latest fad

Has trained and "reduced" her till she has no lap

Where baby may cuddle for a morning nap.

Or be sung to and patted to cure mishap—

It is really sad.

And then, to cap all, she's found an "Elkirk"

That for so much a bottle, is warranted to "fix her"

Hair any tint, and to give it a sheen

That will change her from eighty to sweet sixteen!

And isn't she glad

Why! we're really in danger, when walking abroad.

Of mistaking the grandma for grand-daughter Maude!

But if grandma knew

How unspeakably gruesome and weird the shade

Her hair takes on while it is being "re-made,"

To use that Elkirk she'd be quite afraid.

I think, don't you?

And then, just think! we'd have grandmas once more,

"Uncle Sam's" unpainted and undyed, as of yore,

And wouldn't we all such grandmas adore!

That's just what we'd do!

## IN DEGREE.

As the mite the widow offered

Brought a blessing sweet, and rare,

And the riches of the Elves

Were not worth a pauper's prayer;

So I smile when men mark "failure"

O'er the life of any man.

For the act of all greatness

Is to do the best we can.

—G. B. Baldwin.

Discoveries.

Little drops of knowledge,

Little grains of sense, are as

Solve the mighty problem

Of the home expense.

Had the little leakage

Earlier been checked;

Then the mighty vessel

Never had been wrecked.

Thus the little trifles

Make the sum of life—

Making home an Eden

Or an endless strife.

—Phila Butler Bowman, in Good House-keeping.

## OLD-FASHIONED HOME; WHAT BECAME OF IT?



How little John Howard Payne imagined when he wrote the words of his world-renowned song that the day would come when the "Home, Sweet Home," to which his fancy so longingly turned, would be as truly obsolete in meaning as the sentiment and words through which his heart found expression.

What has become of it one wonders—the old-fashioned home? The very term conjures up a vision of a delightful, roomy attic, with dim corners, past which one scuttled with bated breath when the shadows gathered, and looked down upon with scornful defiance when the sun shone bright during the long summer days of life's childhood and playtime.

What treasures the attic held! What a brave array of useful souvenirs, which transformed a masquerader, at one time into court lady, trailing her breadths of brocade behind her; at another, into an Indian maiden with her beads, her feathers and her garly worked moccasins and leggings! Now misadventures, attics and grandmothers, in whose homes the attic prevailed, have gone their "long lane," and there are none behind to replace the one or the other.

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